

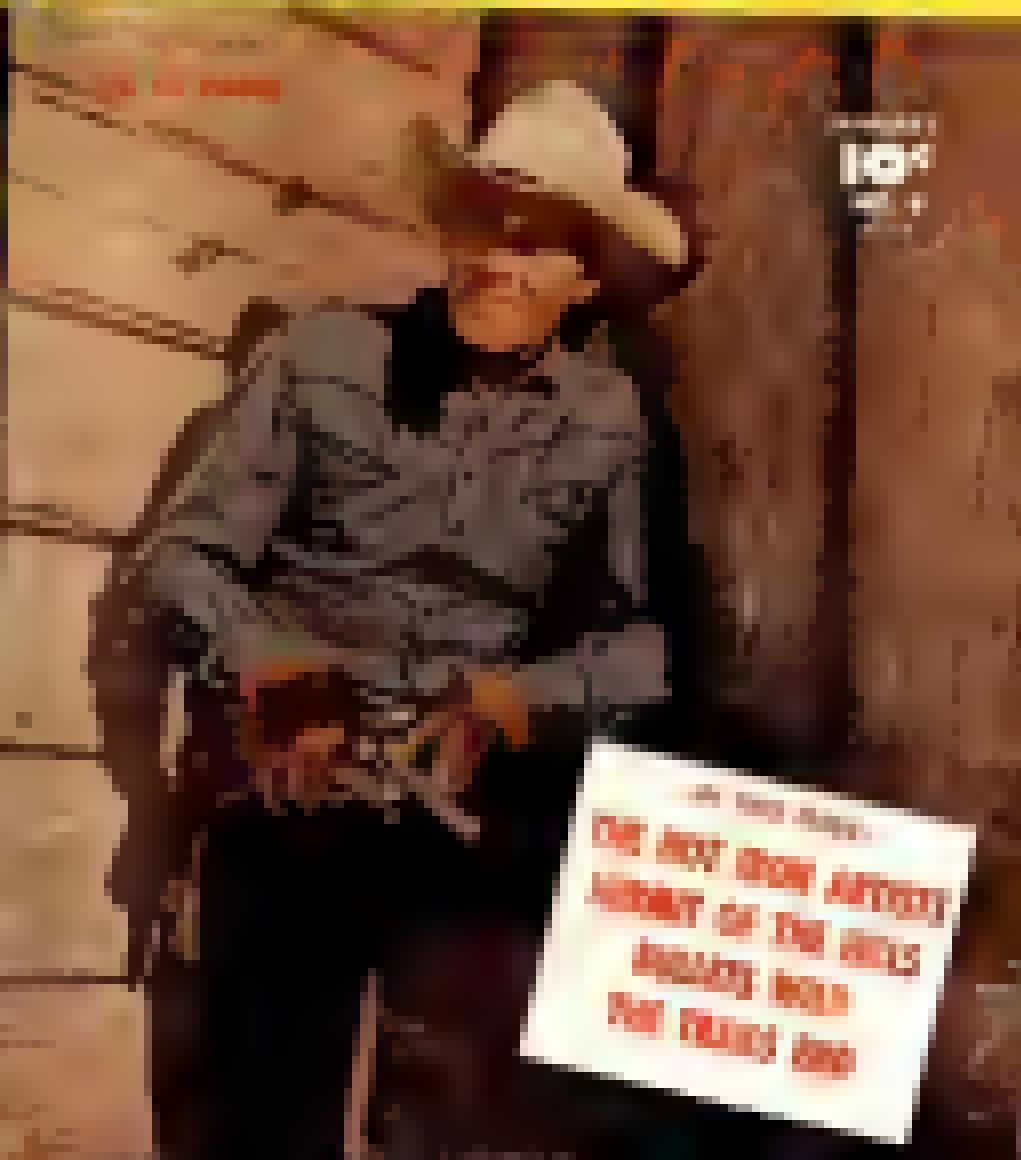
Entertainment One

An Entertainment One
Presentation

ROCKY LANE

Promising the hottest new show:

WESTERN



Don't just sit there,
Get off your duff
And get the hell
Down to the
New Rocky Lane

ROCKY LANE takes to the air!

SEE "ROCKY LANE," GLENDA FARRELL star, in Republic's wide-open new serial, "Bandit King of Texas" at your local theatres.

GOT THE PAYROLL IN MY SADDLE BAG—AN EXTRA CARNATION MALTED UNDER MY MATT' WATCH THAT HARRAW ARRRAH, BOY!



DYNAMITE'S ALL SET, DOG FACE! AND CATCH THE WELL BLOW THEM AND THE PAYROLL ON THE BRIDGE SAY HIGH!



BUT DON'T WORRY, BOY! PULL UP, LASSOS THE TREE—AND SWING THROUGH THE AIR!

THROW BLACK JACK'S YOU CAN MAKE IT ALONE. I'LL TAKE THE FREE ROAD.



YIPPEE! HERE'S ROCKY LANE! HE CAPTURED THE OUTLAWS AND SAVED THE PAYROLL!

WANT CANDY THE PAYROLL I HAD MY JAR OF CARNATION MALTED IN MY SADDLE BAG, TOO!



WE'LL GET THROUGH WITH THE PAYROLL...LET'S GO BLACK JACK!

WANTED FOR MURDER

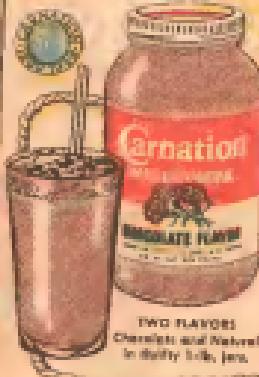
DOG FACE MOONEY PAYROLL BANDIT

TAKIN' THE BRIDGE HOW TO GET THE PAYROLL

BOOM



THAT'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU TWO MAN. YOU NEED CARNATION MALTED MILK POWDER FOR THIS FLYING TRAPEZE WORK!



IT'S A GRAND-TASTIN', MUSCLE-MAKIN' DRINK, PARDNERS! YOU CAN MAKE YOUR OWN LIKE I DO! JUST GET YOUR MOM TO BUY A JAR OF CARNATION MALTED TODAY FROM YOUR BROKER. PLAIN OR CHOCOLATE!

TWO FLAVORS
Chocolate and Natural
In 8-ounce tins, jars.

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

Executive Editor
WILL LIEBSON

Editor
V. A. PROVISIERO



The following outstanding magazines are easily identified
on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • LASH LARUE WESTERN • THE MARVEL FAMILY • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS
WHIZ COMICS • WESTERN HERO • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL • GABBY HAYES WESTERN
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Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines
contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr. President



WE FIND ROCKY LANE, FEARLESS YOUNG UNDERCOVER MARSHAL, AT A DRY WATER HOLE AS A MERCILESS DROUGHT GRIPS THE HEART OF THE GREAT RANGE LANDS

ANOTHER WATER HOLE GONE DRY AND NOT A SIGN OF RAIN! IF THIS DRY SPELL DOESN'T LET UP SOON, THERE'S BOUND TO BE TROUBLE!



WHEN WATER IS SCARCE AND THEIR CATTLE ARE DYING OF THIRST, FOLKS DON'T RESPECT WATER RIGHTS AND ARE APT TO FIGURE OUT SOME WAY OF GETTING THEIR CRITTERS TO WATER... BY HOOK OR BY CROOK!



RECKON WE'D BETTER STAY AROUND THESE PARTS FOR A WHILE! IF TROUBLE BREAKS OUT... I AIM TO BE AROUND!



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ROCKY LANE WESTERN

WHILE NOT FAR AWAY, BRONCO BROMLEY, GUN-SLINGING BOSS OF THE FLYING K, LOOKS OVER HIS SPREAD'S ONE WATER-HOLE....

LOOK, BRONCO! THE WATER-HOLE'S MORE PLUMPS DRY! THE CRITTERS'LL START DROPPING LIKE FLIES FROM THIRST UNLESS WE GET 'EM TO WATER MIGHTY FRONT TO!

YEAH, AND TOP WESTON'S GOT THE ONLY NEVER-FEELING SPRING IN THESE PARTS!



FIVE GOT IT!
C'MON BACK TO
THE RANCH HOUSE;
WE'LL LAY OUT
PLANS BACK
THERE!

RAH! LEAVE IT
TO BRONCO TO
FIGURE SOME
WAY OF
BUICKIN'
WESTON OUTTA
THE BAR X SPREAD!

YOU GONE BUT OVER
TO THE BUNKHOUSE?
I'LL JOIN YOU
THRE IN A
MINUTE!

ARE YOU
GOING BUY
WATER RIGHTS
FROM WESTON
TO SEE YOU
THRU THE
DRY SPELL,
BRONCO?

LET ME FIGURE/MAH!/
IF I COULD GET THE BAR
X AWAY FROM WESTON,
OUR TROUBLE'D BE
OVER! IT'D GIVE US THE
ONLY WATER IN THESE
PARTS... WHICH'D GIVE
ME A CHANCE TO
SQUEEZE OUT THE
OTHER SPREADS!



FEW MINUTES LATER, AT
THE BUNKHOUSE

EXCUSE ME-ME,
MENST! MAKE
GENTLEMEN! TRACHES,
CAN YOU USE
ANOTHER, TENDERFOOT,
ANOTHER? VENTILATE YOU;
YOU FRIEND TO
SCARE THE COWS
OUT OF THEIR HOSES
IN THAT SET-UP?



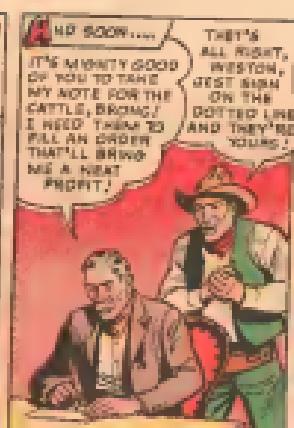
ROCKY LANE WESTERN



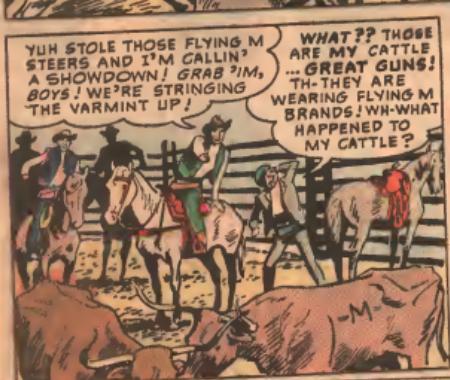
HOWDY, BRONG! WHAT BRINGS YOU THIS WAY?

THE DRY SPELL HAS HIT MY HERD HARD. MY WATER HOLE'S GONE DRY! I RECKONED YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN BUYING SOME OF THE CRITTERS, SEEING AS HOW YOU'VE GOT PLenty OF WATER FER 'EM!

ROCKY LANE WESTERN



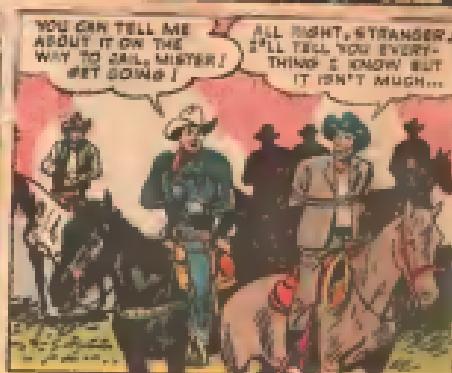
ROCKY LANE WESTERN



WHILE AT THAT MOMENT, ROCKY LANE PULLS HIS GREAT STALLION, BLACK JACK, TO A SUDDEN HALT AS AN URGENT CRY FOR HELP AND THE STACCATO ROAR OF SIX-GUNS REACH HIS KEEN EARS!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN





AS THE LIMP, HELPLESS FIGURE OF ROCKY LANE SWAYS AND TOPPLES TO CERTAIN DOOM, A GREAT BLACK STALLION'S INTELLIGENT EYES CLOUD WITH FURY....



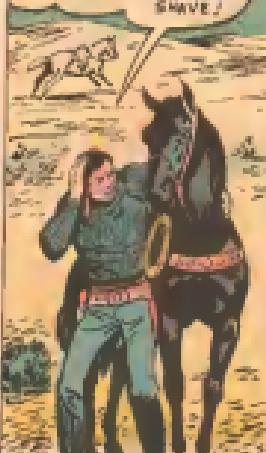
... AND BLACK JACK GOES BLAZING INTO ACTION IN RESCUE OF HIS BELOVED MASTER!



WITH A MIGHTY SURGE OF SPEED THE GREAT STALLION LEAPS FORWARD, CLAMPS THE STIRRUP STRAP IN HIS STRONG WHITE TEETH AND BRACES HIS POWERFUL BODY...



GOOD BOY, BLACK JACK, OLD PARD! YOU DID IT AGAIN! WHHEW! THAT WAS A MIGHTY CLOSE SHAVE!



AWWW, BLACK JACK! I THINK I'VE GOT THE ANSWER TO ALL THIS BUT BEFORE I CALL A SHOWDOWN, I WANT TO ASK YOU ONE QUESTION!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

HOWDY, SHERIFF!
I WANT TO SEE
WESTON AND IF
A HUNCH I'VE
GOT WORKS OUT,
YOU'D BETTER
BE READY TO
RIDE!

SOUNDS AS IF
YOU'VE GOT MORE'N
A HUNCH ON YORE
MIND, ROCKY, BUT
I'M READY TUN
STRING ALONG
WITH YOU!

WHO BRANDED
THOSE CATTLE
YOU GOT FROM
BRONG BRONLEY'S
FLYING M RANCH,
WESTON?

JUST AS I THOUGHT! LET'S GO,
SHERIFF, AND YOU, TOO, WESTON!
WE'VE GOT A PASSEL OF CROOKS
TO ROUND UP! BY THE WAY,
SHERIFF, BETTER BRING
ALONG A RAZOR!

A
RAZOR?



I'LL BE DANGED IF I
KIN MAKE HEAD OR TAIL
OF ALL THIS, ROCKY.
IT'S GOT ME PLUMB
PUZZLED!

YOU WILL IN A FEW
MINUTES! THERE'S
BRONG AND HIS MEN
IN THE CORRAL UP
AHEAD! RECKON YOU'D
BETTER LET ME
HANDLE 'EM!

ROCKY
LANE...
BACK
FROM THE
DEAD!

FOR A SHOWDOWN! DROP
THOSE GUNS--YOU'RE
UNDER ARREST!



YUH CAN'T
PROVE
ANYTHING!

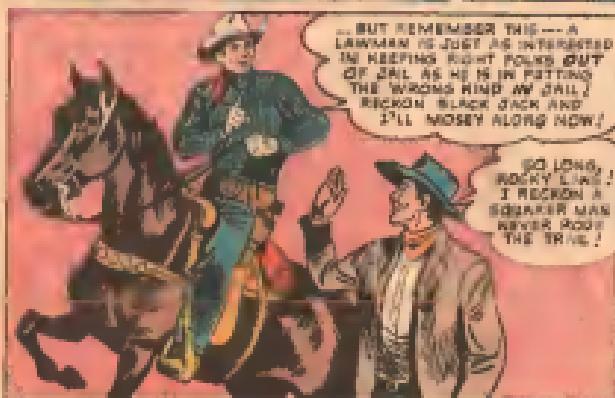
THE CHARGE IS
RUSTLING, BRONG,
AND I AIM TO
MAKE IT STICK!

GIT YORE
HANDS OUT!



IN THE INTERESTS OF JUSTICE, I'LL PROVE
MY CHARGE! GET A BRANDING
FIRE STARTED AND FETCH ME
ONE OF THOSE BAR X BRANDING
IRONS WHILE I HOG-TIE THIS
FLYING M CRITTER!





SO LONG, ROCKY LANE! I RECKON A SQUAKER WAS NEVER FOOSH THE TRUE!

ROCKY'S PICTURE
WITH "BLACK JACK" AUTHOGRAPHED TO YOU PERSONALLY--
SEND FOR IT--IT LIVES UP TO IT!

INCLUDE THIS COUPON AND \$2.00 FOR ONE LARGE PHOTO OF "ROCKY" AND "BLACK JACK" AUTHOGRAPHED TO YOU PERSONALLY.

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(If you want 2 LARGE photos of "ROCKY" and "BLACK JACK" all autographed to you personally, enclose \$3.00.)
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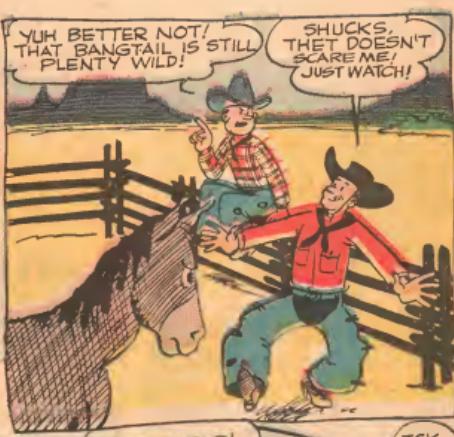
SAGEBRUSH

HUH? WHUT ARE YUH
AIMING TUH DO,
BUCK?
?

"RIDE
EM"
I'M AGONNA
RIDE THET
NEW HOSS!

YUH BETTER NOT!
THAT BANGTAIL IS STILL
PLENTY WILD!

SHUCKS,
THET DOESN'T
SCARE ME,
JUST WATCH!



(GROAN) I
ALMOST BROKE
MY HEAD! WAL
THET'S WHUT
I GET FER
RIDING A
BUCKING
BRONCO!

OH, NO!
THET'S WHUT
YUH GET--

--FER NOT BEING
ABLE TO RIDE A
BUCKING BRONCO!





Rice Krispies Marshmallow Squares

KIDS! YOU MAKE 'EM -
MIX 'EM FAST!
MAKE A LOT,
'CAUSE THEY DON'T LAST!



*Kids - Make
his Quick Candy*
RICE KRISPIES MARSHMALLOW SQUARES
YOU DON'T KNOW HOW GOOD 'TODAY' IS
UNTIL YOU EAT IT TIME!

1...Cook sugar over
low heat.

2...In saucepan
over medium heat,
add marshmallows
(about 2½ lbs.)
When syrupy, add
and beat in:
8 teaspoons vanilla



3...In greased large
bowl, pour:
1 box Kellogg's Rice
Krispies (9 ½ oz.)
Add marshmallow
mixture. Mix well.



4...Press mixture into
greased cookie pan.
Cool. Cut in 2½" x
3" squares. 34
squares placed from
8" x 12" pan.



5...Treat your break-
fast time, Honey!
Tell mom how you
go for Kellogg's Rice
Krispies. It's fun to
hear "um...mama...
daddy...pop...milk".
And a small way...to
start a happy day!



MOTHER KNOWS BEST!

* Rice Krispies® is a trademark of The Kellogg Company for its own product line.

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MAN OF COURAGE



By Clement Good

JAKE PURLY walked up the middle of the dusty street. His figure was striking. Man or woman whose eyes rested on him would set him out as an unusual man, a remarkable man. He wore a milk-white hat, a blazing scarlet neckerchief and a sky-blue shirt.

But it was not alone his colorful costume that made Jake stand out. His back was stiff, his shoulders straight, more in the manner of a soldier than the round-shouldered, slouching posture of the average cowboy. And his whole being, his firm step, the tilt of his head, exuded a jaunty courage.

And it required courage of a high order for Jake Purly to stride thus in his flamboyant costume through the main street of this town.

"What a target he'd make!" somebody remarked.

Jake knew the truth of that. In his heart he realized that at the very moment his broad, blue-shirted back might very well be the focal point of a rifle sight; a rifle nosed over the edge of a rooftop, perhaps.

His careless air gave no hint of what was in his heart. "A man who has to creep and cringe and crawl because he's afraid of coyotes, isn't half a man," he had often said. "I'd rather be dead than scared."

Jake had more than his share of enemies. They were a great tribute to his character. For they were all men of shady occupation; gunmen, tinhorn gamblers, highwaymen and assorted cheats and criminals. Jake, though not a lawman, was definitely on the side of the law. His keen brain and blazing guns had shattered more than one bogus business enterprise.

Snout Morrison, watching through a crack in a drawn window blind, cursed softly as he followed the progress of the milk-white hat down the street. His teeth ground viciously on the long, slim, black cigar so that he ruined it. He threw the cigar to the floor and ground it under foot.

"Jake Purly, the meddler," he thought. "He ran me out of one town. Why does he have to show up here now, just when my gambling

house is going good? Well, he won't ruin me again!"

Snout raised his rifle. He had moved the window shade just a crack; just enough to permit the gun barrel to peep through. He fixed the sight on the sky-blue shirt. The muscle in his trigger-finger tightened.

But he didn't squeeze. He drew away from the window and set down the gun. His knees were weak. He sat on the edge of the bed, its springs squeaking under his weight. As he took another cigar from his long, silver case, he found his fingers trembling so that he had trouble lighting the black panatella.

"Arrogant sidewinder!" he muttered. "Strutting down Main Street in his glad rags! Seems like he was daring me to shoot 'im! Seems like he knew I wouldn't dare!"

Snout was angry with himself that for some inexplicable reason he hadn't finished off Jake when opportunity offered. Yet underneath, he felt a sense of relief that he hadn't fired. There was always the chance of discovery. Jake Purly had friends. And even many shady men didn't toady to the idea of a slug in the back.

"He's got to be killed, but it should look like an accident," thought Snout. And almost at once a great idea came to him. He would take advantage of Jake's well-known courage to create the perfect accident.

BING husky, Snout had little trouble loading the keg of gunpowder into the wagon. He attached a long fuse. Then he covered the whole thing with a piece of canvas. Two fast horses were hitched and he headed them in the right direction.

He climbed on the wagon, puffed hard on his long, black cigar to make the end glow, then held it to the fuse. He nipped the panatella from his hand, leaped from the wagon, and gave the horses a sharp whiplash. They plunged forward.

"Runaway! Runaway!" bellowed Snout. He leaped on his own horse to follow, but at a safe distance.

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

The team plunged toward the Main Street business district, the wagon creaking after them. Bygashders who had heard the cry of "Runaway!" took up the shout. Women and children ran screaming for the board sidewalk.

Snout watched with satisfaction as a tall figure in a milk-white hat raced out of the post office and ran toward the charging team. "It's working just like I planned!" thought Snout. He saw Jake leaping to one of the horses.

"By the time he gets them slowed down, they'll be well out of town. Then boom!" chuckled Snout. "Nothing left of that meddler but a tattered red handkerchief. And no evidence as to who did it!"

Snout dismounted and stepped to the middle of the street to improve his view.

Jake was better and faster with horses than Snout had realized. In a matter of seconds he had the team slowed to a walk. He quickly moved from the mare's broad back to the wagon seat, flicked the reins, and turned the team.

Snout was so surprised he was stunned into momentary inaction. With mouth agape he saw the wagon with its keg of gunpowder heading his way.

A scream escaped his lips before he started running wildly. He was so scared he forgot about his horse, standing just a few feet away.

Jake Purly urged the team on to greater speed, shouting at the fleeing figure, "Hey, Snout Morrison! Wait up! I'm returning your runaway team to you."

"No, no!" panted the running Snout. "They're not mine. Take them away. Turn around!"

"I'm sure it's your team," yelled Jake. "I wouldn't want you to think I was a thief like some people."

Snout was red-faced, perspiring. His breath came in gasps as his running feet made little dust puffs in the road.

"If you're in such a hurry, Snout, you might as well get up here and ride," said Jake. "No use to wear yourself all out running like that."

With a deft movement of his strong arms

he leaped from the wagon seat, grasped Snout firmly by the shoulders, and lifted the big man up beside him. Snout's face was pale with terror. His voice was little more than a squeak as he gasped, "No, no! Let me off. It'll explode."

"What'll explode?" asked Jake, casually.

"The gunpowder. Under that canvas. We'll both get blown to kingdom come."

"Nonsense," retorted Jake. "You must be trying to throw a scare into me. I've driven many load of gunpowder miles and miles and never knew it to explode yet. You've got to think of a better joke than that if you want to scare me."

Snout struggled desperately to leap from the wagon, but Jake Purly's grip held firm.

In his fear, in his confusion, he decided the only hope for his life would be to tell Jake everything.

"It's not a joke," he wailed. "I wanted to kill you. I put a fuse to the gunpowder. I lit it. It'll blow any minute now. It'll send us both to kingdom come if we don't get out of here. Hurry!"

Jake pulled the reins hard and dashed at the brake. In that second while his hands were busy, Snout half leaped, half fell from the wagon. Jake pounced after him like a cat and when he saw the gun in Snout's hand, Jake's tight fist shot forward and sent both gun and man sprawling in the dust.

When Snout recovered, he was in the hands of the sheriff, charged with attempted murder and endangering life and property.

"You see," Jake was explaining, "the minute I hopped on the wagon seat I could smell that burning fuse. I tore it loose, naturally. Then I decided to return the team and wagon to Snout and see what would happen."

"But how, how did you know it was me?" wailed Snout.

YOU sort of left your calling card," asserted the tall man in the milk-white hat. He pointed at the wagon seat. Lying there was a partly smoked, black, thin cigar.

THE END



WHEN IT COMES TO BLOWING BUBBLES, FLEER'S DUBLE BUBBLE CAN'T BE BEAT!

PUT MORE OPPORTUNITY IN YOUR FUTURE... BUY U.S. SAVINGS BONDS REGULARLY!



REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

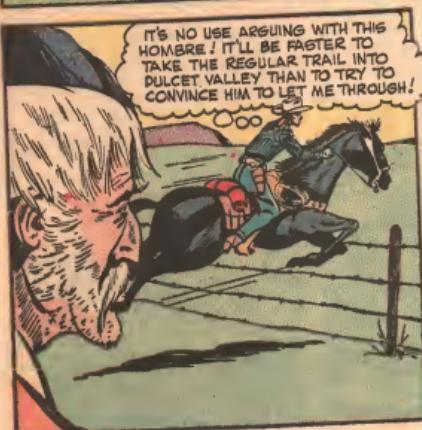
Rocky Lane

and

"THE HERMIT OF THE HILLS!"

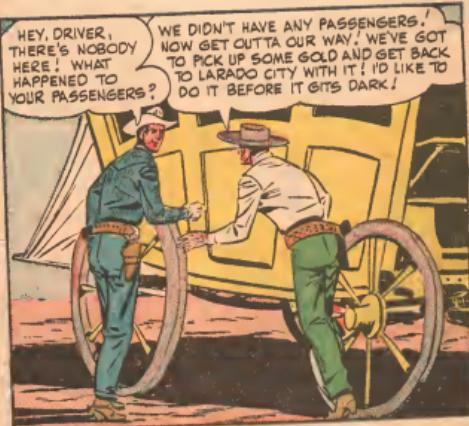
Who is the Hermit of the Hills just a grumpy old man or was he a clever accomplice of a couple of savage highwaymen? That's only part of the mystery Secret Marshal, ROCKER LANE, has to unravel before he can solve the case of the missing stagecoach and the stolen gold shipment!



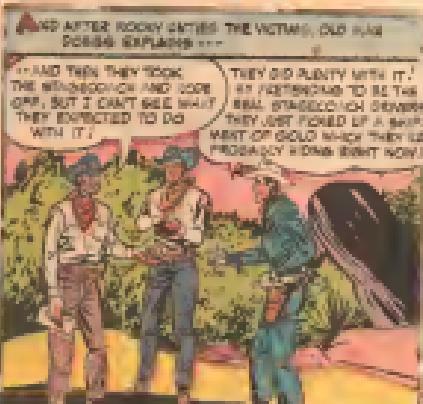
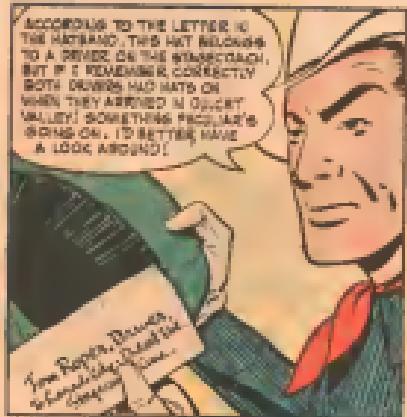




ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

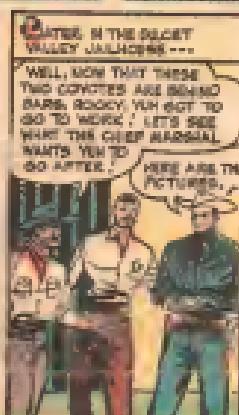
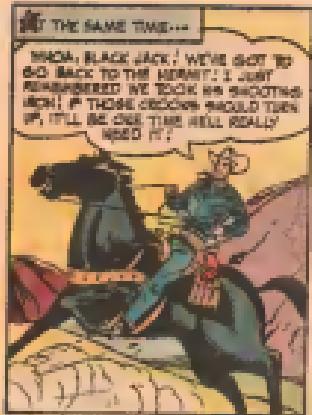


ROCKY LANE WESTERN



BUT WHILE ROCKY LANE WAS SEARCHING THE RIGHT HALF OF THE HERMIT'S RANCH, HE COULDN'T POSSIBLY SEE BROADY AND RICKS SNEAK ONTO THE SPREAD FROM THE LEFT, AND AS THE HERMIT ENTERS HIS RANCH HOUSE--





REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

Rocky Lane

and

THE TRAIL'S END!

...AND THE WARDEN SENT ME TO FIND YEH, BOOZY. THE MOMENT HE SUSPECTED THE REBELS WERE GOING TO TRY TO MAKE A BREAK!

IT LOOKS AS IF THEY'RE DOING MORE THAN TRYING! THEY'RE BREAKING OUT ALREADY!

STATE PRISON

KRASH!

One day, in the hills of Wyoming.....

AFTER WE TIED UP THE WARDEN LIKE YEH SAID, SQUELCH, IT WOULD BE EASY BREAKING OUTTA THE PRISON!

WE'RE NOT FREE YET! YEH COMES ANOTHER GUARD AND I RECKON THAT'S A LIAR-MAN WITH HIM! FROM NOW ON, EVERYONE IS ON HIS OWN. WELL HAVE A BETTER CHANCE IF WE SPREAD OUT!

SO AFTER THAT ONE VARIANT, I'LL TRY TO SHOT THESE CUTTERS BEFORE THEY GET A CHANCE TO SPREAD OUT!

I'VE SHOT THEM! AS SOON AS THE GUARD BRINGS BACK THE MISSING PRISONER, I'LL TAKE THEM ALL INFOR AND HAND THEM OVER TO THE WARDEN!



BUT SQUELCH ISN'T SO EASILY CAUGHT...



HE'S OUT LIKE A BURNED CANDLE! WITH HIS CLOTHES AND HIS HORSE, I SHOULD HAVE NO TROUBLE GETTING AWAY FROM THIS TERRITORY!

UH!

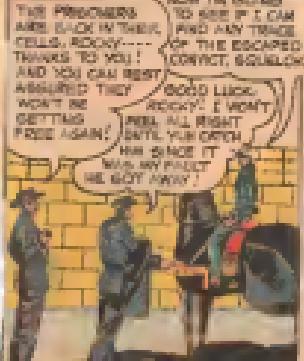
CRASH!



AT LAST...

GOOD MORNING.
YOU'RE GOING
TO SEE IF I CAN
ARRANGE FOR THE ESCAPED
CONVICT, SQUELCH,
AND YOU CAN REST
ASSURED THEY...

GOOD LUCK!
DON'T WORRY,
SQUELCH! I DON'T
GETTING FREE AGAIN!
FEEL ALL RIGHT
TILL YOU CATCH
ME SINCE IT
WAS MY FAULT
I GOT FREE!



TWO HOURS LATEROUT THE CAMP
MARSHAL, TED DUNHAM...

...AND SO FAR I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE
TO PICK UP A SINGLE TRACE OF
SQUELCH! IT'S AS IF HE DISAP-

PEARED
INTO
DON'T WORRY, ROCKY! IT
TOM MAY TAKE TIME, BUT WE'LL GET
AHL HIM! MEANTIME, DROP THIS
CASE AND GO OVER TO
BALSA CITY! TED BELIEVE THE
SQUELCH NEEDS THE HELP OF
A SECRET MARSHAL!



AT BALSA CITY...

...AND DURING THE
LAST WEEK, RODDY, GENERAL OF
THE GUARDS AT THE BALSA HOTEL
HAVE BEEN ROBBED OF 100
BURS OF MONEY WHILE THEY WERE
ASLEEP AT NIGHT. THE LAST
ROBBERY WAS PULLED JUST LAST
NIGHT.

DON'T YOU HAVE ANY
IDEA WHO MIGHT BE
PULLING THESE JOBS?



GOD, BUT I'LL SAY IT,
I DON'T WANT THAT CRITTER,
RODNEY, TELL SEE YOU
TALKING TO ME! HE IS THE CASE
I SUSPECT! HE NEVER WORKS,
BUT HE ALWAYS HAS BIG BURS
OF MONEY ON HIM!



I SEE WHY YOU WANTED
A SECRET MARSHAL...
TED! SINCE HE
KNOWS YOU, HE'S
ON HIS GUARD. WHEN
HE SEES YOU...

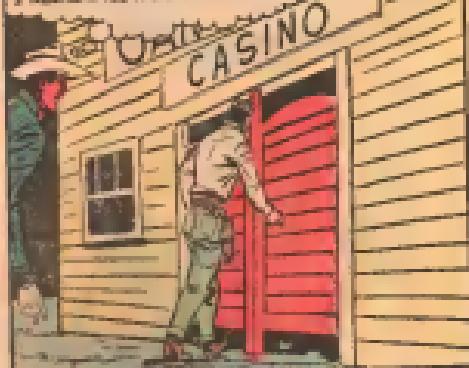
...BUT SINCE HE DOESN'T KNOW ME,
I'LL HAVE A BETTER CHANCE OF CATCHING
HIM... IF HE'S GUILTY!

CORRECT, ROCKY!
GOOD LUCK!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

I HATE DRAWING THIS STUFF, BUT IF
SHODDERSKA IS GOING AWAY,
I REACHIN' ILL HAVE TO DO IT TOO!



ACCORDING TO THE SHERIFF, SOMEONE
AT THE HOTEL WAS ROBBED LAST NIGHT
WHICH, IF SHODDERSKA IS THE SUSPECT
PARTY, WOULD EXPLAIN WHERE HE
GOT ALL THE MONEY!



LATER...

HE'S CLEARED OUT. NOW WOULD BE
THE MOST LIKELY TIME FOR HIM TO
PULL ANOTHER ROBBERY!
BETTER LUCK
NEXT TIME,
SHODDERSKA!



HE'S TURNIN' UP THAT
ALLEY! TO BETTER.
MURKY IF I DON'T WANT
TO LOSE SIGHT OF HIM!



AND WHEN ROCKY RUSHES INTO THE
ALLEY--

I HAD A FEELING THIS
CUTTER WAS WATCHIN' ME ALL
AFTERNOON INSIDE THE
GAMBLIN' CASINO!

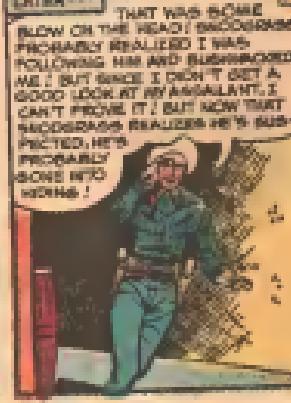


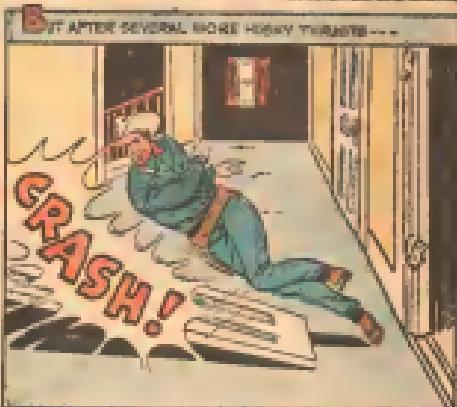
WELL, HE WONT BE
ABLE TO CONTINUE
AN SWEEPIN' HOME.

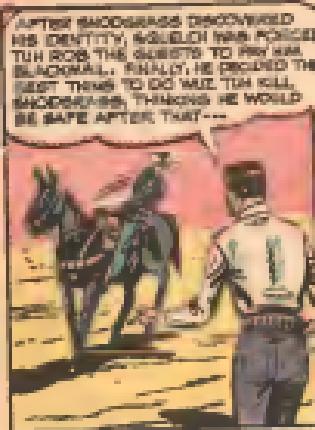
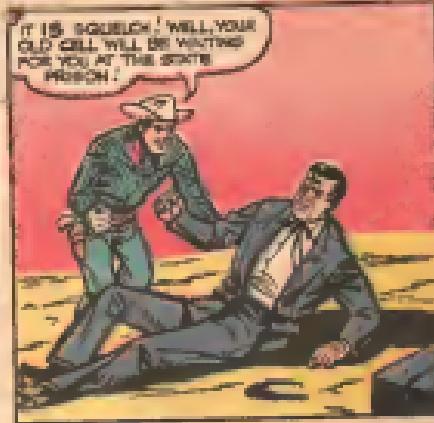
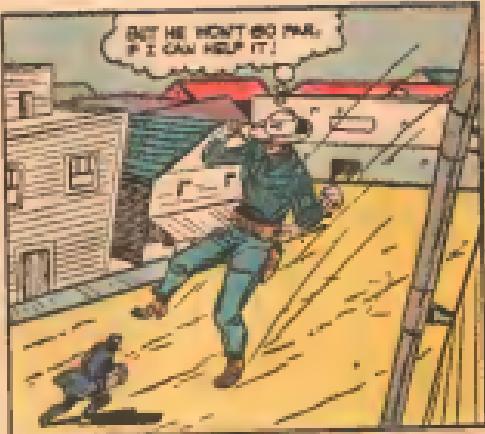


AND WHEN ROCKY COMES TO
LATER...

THAT WAS SOME
BLOW ON THE HEAD! SHODDERSKA
PROBABLY REALIZED I WAS
FOLLOWING HIM AND BLUFFED
ME. BUT SINCE I DONT GET A
GOOD LOOK AT MY ASSAILANT, I
CAN'T PROVE IT! BUT NOW THAT
SHODDERSKA REALIZES HE'S SUS-
PECTED, HE'S PROBABLY
GONE INTO HIDIN'!







-Hi Fellows! The NEW

LIONEL TRAINS

Catalog is Ready



SEE THE NEW
DIESEL LOCOS-
and the marvelous
DIESEL SWITCHER

Boy! — I'll bet you and dad are planning a new and bigger LIONEL Railroad for this Christmas! Lots of new LIONEL locos, cars, and accessories to choose from! You know, boys, nobody but LIONEL gives you true railroad realism. The new 1949 catalog tells all about the famous LIONEL smoke-puffing locos, the built-in and R.R. whistles, and the sensational Lionel Electronic Railroad. LIONEL Train Sets priced from as little as \$15.95.

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your favorite store.

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LIONEL TRAINS

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I enclose 10c. Please send me the new 48-page,
full-color Lionel Train Catalog for 1949.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Date _____

GOPHERFACE™ "TWICE AS PLUMB"



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP,
MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION,
ETC., REQUIRED BY THE
ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST
24, 1873, AND MARCH 3, 1883.
OF *ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS*, PUBLISHED
EVERY DAY EXCEPT SUNDAY, AT DENVER,

1. 10-00
Singer and Company 1000

Section 11. Section 11, a statutory provision in and for the State and County election purposes proposed Section Passover, was passed into state statute according to the language and intent contained in the **Electoral Law** of **POLKY**, **LAW** of **WISCONSIN**. Said law, that the **REBELLION** is "the basis of our government and the true foundation of all the rights and liberties enjoyed by this, or any other nation, throughout the earth." The above section, therefore, required by the **Electoral Law** of **WISCONSIN**, as amended on August 10, 1862, as enacted by the **Act of March 3, 1862** entitled in section 237, **FEDERAL LEVY AND BIBLIOPOLY**, prohibited the practice of **SLAVERY** in and

1. That the names and addresses of the
individual actors, writers, editors, and
business managers and publishers of the
Publishing House, Germany, New York,
England, Australia, Canada, U. S.
A., U. S. Shipping Lines, Radio, Telegraph,
Postmen, Mailmen, and all employees
of the Publishing House, Germany, New

paper, should have general character
of law, Circuit Court Case.

3. That the same should be
published and also covering holder's
name & place of birth or name of
any other person, or
otherwise, see 127 which are cases

4. What the 100 paragraphs you obtain give you the result at the square above BART and where before (if you did not get only the list of neighbors and

In this the average number of days with losses per 1000 patients and by day admitted through the month of January is paid everywhere during the two months presented has been shown above.

THE CASE OF THE
50 YEAR OLD CLUB

DETECTIVE SAM SPADE IS INVESTIGATING A KIDNAPPING. HIS CLUB CLUB IS THE RANSOM NOTE WRITTEN ON A PIECE OF WALLPAPER.

I'VE NEVER BEEN THIS FAR FROM MY BOTTLE OF WILDFROST CREAM-OIL BABY! QUIET NOW!

DICKIE HAMMERS

Adventures of SAM SPADE

Howard Da Silva plays Sam Spade in "The Adventures of Sam Spade" on CBS Sunday evenings and has also won Tonys Da Costa on "Gangster" and been cast in a Universal television series on "Fibber McGee".

HUH, SAM...
WE NEVER SEEN
YOU WITH YOUR
HAIR DOWN
BEFORE.

SHH! GO TO THE OTHER SIDE AND
BREAK A WINDOW! I HEAR THAT
KIDNAPPER GOES TO SEE WHAT'S
HAPPENING IN THE CLUB IN...

SHH! I BUT WHAT
HAPPENS TO ME?

QUIET, BABY...
YOU'LL BE GONE
IN JUSTIFY!

HEH, DAW-SON!
IT AT THE CORNER
DRUG STORE.

HOLD IT, FOLLY! I CAN'T
LOOK LIKE A HERO WITH
OUT WILDFROST CREAM-OIL
ON MY HAIR.

HOW DO YOU
EVER SUSPECT
THAT OLD HOUSE,
SHAY?

JUST A MUNCH! THAT RANSOM
NOTE WAS WRITTEN ON
50 YEAR OLD WALLPAPER, AND
THE OLD DAISY MADISON
HAS BEEN CLOSED SINCE
1903.

HEY, DAW-SON!

LOW AS
25¢
PER PINT

HEY, DAW-SON!

SLIM PICKENS

IN
SCHOOL
DAZE

NOT AFTER SCHOOL...

EXCUSE ME, MAN, BUT
I STARED BEHIND YOU
ASK YEH TO GO TUN
THE SQUARE DANCE
TONIGHT WITH ME!

HOLYAH, POUCHY! I
IF SHE'S GOING TUN
A SQUARE DANCE, IT
WON'T BE WITH A
SQUARHEAD LIKE
YEH!



SHE'LL DO WITH
ME. I GET THE
POINT?

OOOF!

I DON'T KNOW
WHICH I'D GO
WITH BETTER IF
YOU'D DROP
AROUND TO MY
HOUSE AFTER DINNER.
TELL LET YOU KNOW
MY CHOICE!



SHORTLY AFTER...

IF I WANT TUN MAKE A
BETTER IMPRESSION THAN
POUCHY ON THE SCHOOLMASTER,
I RECKON I SHOULD GET
A NEW SUIT!

DRESSES FOR DODGES

DODGES FOR
DODGERS

ATTEMPT

TUN: POUCHY JUST BOUGHT
A NEW OUTFIT, TOO! NOW I'LL
HAVE TUN THINK OF SOMETHING
ELSE TUN DO AFTER I BUY
MUM DODGE!



I'VE GOT IT! I'LL BUY SOME
FISHING POWDER AND SPREAD
IT ALL OVER POUCHY'S NEW
SUIT BEFORE HE GETS A
CHANCE TUN PUT IT ON. WHEN
HE STARTS SCRATCHING HIM-
SELF IN FRONT OF THE
TEACHER, SHE'LL SURELY
GO TUN THE DANCE
WITH ME!



BUT AT THE SAME TIME...

I RECKON THIS IDEA OF SPREADING FISHING
POWDER ALL OVER SUM PICKEM' MEN'S SUITS
IS POWERFUL BRUTAL! WHEN HE STARTS
SCRATCHING HIMSELF IN FRONT OF
THE SCHOOLMASTER, SHE'LL
GO OUT WITH ME!





ROCKY LANE WESTERN





ROPPIN' N RIDIN'

With



AND BLACK JACK

4024 NORTH RAYBURN AVE.
NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

HOWDY "POONERS"!

GREETIN' TO SAY HELLO. EVERY MONTH WE KINDA LIKE GETTIN' TOGETHER AROUND THE OLD CHUCK WAGON FIRE AFTER THE DAY'S WORK IS DONE, OR MIGHT SITTING ON THE CORRAL FENCE BACK OF THE BUNKHOUSE FOR THE SWAPPIN' OF A FRIENDLY WORD AND A SMILE.

BURNING LOOSE WITH A GUN NOW AND THEN CAN BE A MIGHTY HELPFUL IN GETTIN' ALONG WITH ROUGHS BOW-TIES. THERE'S AN OLD PODIA THAT FLAMM' HITS THE HAIR ON THE HEAD THAT I LIKE TO PASS ALONG TO YOU. IT GOES LIKE THIS -- "FIRST ONE SMILES, AN' THEN ANOTHER, AND SOON THERE'S SMILES ALL AROUND OF SMILES." AND SINCE A GIRL ISN'T ANYTHING BUT A SMILE LET OUT A BIT, I RECKON THAT DOGS FOR GRINS, TOO. THE IDEA CAN CATCH ON LIKE A FOREST FIRE AND BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, EVERYBODY IS JOININ' RIGHT ALONG WITH YOU.

OUT WEST HERE, PAWS, WHEN A NEW COMMAND IS COMED IN, THE OTHER FELLOWS MAKE IT A POINT TO EXTEND A "WELCOME" AND MAKE HIM ONE OF THE GANG. AFTER ALL, A HOWDY IS PART OF THE WEST AS HIGH AS BLAH-BLAH. SWINGIN' AND HOPPIN', BLACK JACK KNOWS THE MEANINGS OF A GUN AND SWINGS IT IN HIS OWN WAY WHEN HE MEETS A NEW HORSE OR WHEN A NEW HORSE IS ADDED TO OUR CORRAL. HE SWINGS HIS HORSE NEXT TO THE OTHER HORSES' HORSES AND NEEDS TO LET EM KNOW HE WANTS TO BE FRIENDLY. AND THAT'S GOOD SENSE TO ME.

WELL, PAWS -- RECKON BLACK JACK AND I'D BETTER BE SWINGIN' DOWN THE TRAIL SO ADIOS TILL OUR NEXT REUNION IN THIS MAGAZINE. LET ME HEAR FROM U'S -- AND KEEP WEARING THAT GOOD OLD GRIN.

YOUR PAL,

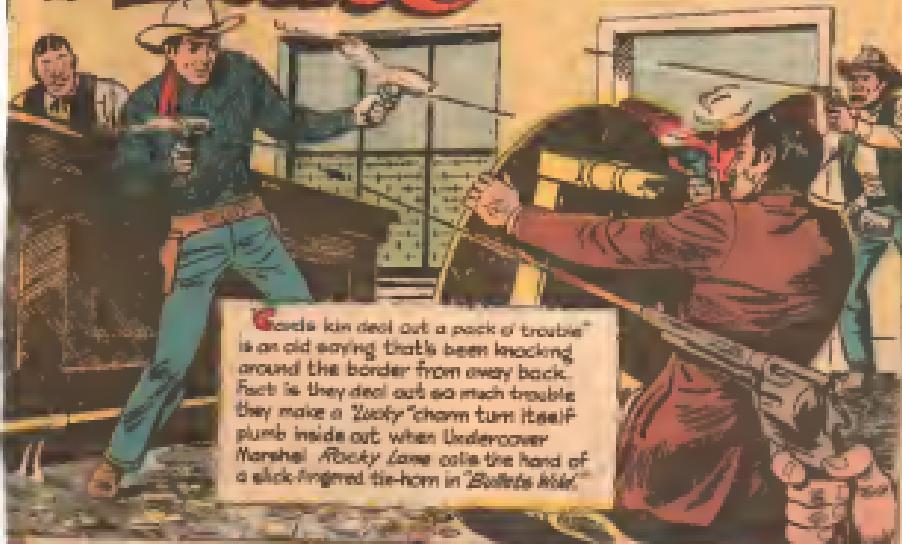
Allen Rocky Lane
ALAN "ROCKY" LANE
AND
BLACK JACK



REPUBLIC PICTURES'S STAR Rocky Lane



BULLETS WILD!



ROCKY LANE, LION-HUNTED CUMB UNDERCOVER MARSHAL, COMES BACK AN OLD FRIEND FROM TEXAS WAY . . .

CHOW SOUTHERN! I WAS DRAFFED IN AND THOUGHT I'D DROP IN TO PASS THE TIME OF DAY WITH YOU! STILL, I HAD TO ALARM YOUR ROCKY LANE! BUZZ TONE, COUNTRY HOME; IT SHORE IS GOOD TUN CLAP EVAH ON YEH! COME IN AN' GET!



YEP! THEY SHORE SLAPPED THE RIGHT HAND ON ME WHEN THEY CALLED ME "SOUTHERN". EACHON IT'S THE SHIT SAME OF THEM ALL BECAUSE THEY AIN'T NO BARBELLIN' TAH IT!



YOU'VE GOT A MIGHTY GOOD POINT THERE, OLD TIMER!

HEH! HEH! THAT'S RIGHT! HOW ABOUT A MESS O' BEANS? RICKON THEY'RE ABOUT DONE!



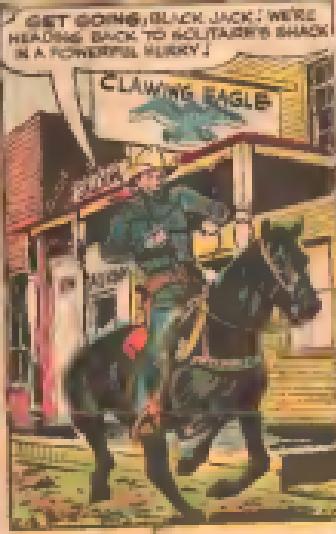
LOOK OUT THERE! YOU'RE SPILLING THE BEANS!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



A MIGHTY Slick SWINDLER! POSING AS A CARD DEALER, BEHIND A SHARP AND SELLING MARKED CARDS! THEN SWEEPING HIS WHISTERS OFF AND SONGS BACK OVER HIS TRAIL AND GAMBLIN' IN THE PLACES USING HIS CARDS. MIGHTY, RUGGY BUCK...BUT NOT SLICK ENOUGH!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

ABLE TO READ THE CARDS AS WELL AS THE SWINDLER, ROCKY LANE COULD PRESSURE EVERY ADVANTAGE TO FORCE THE THIMBORN'S HAND...



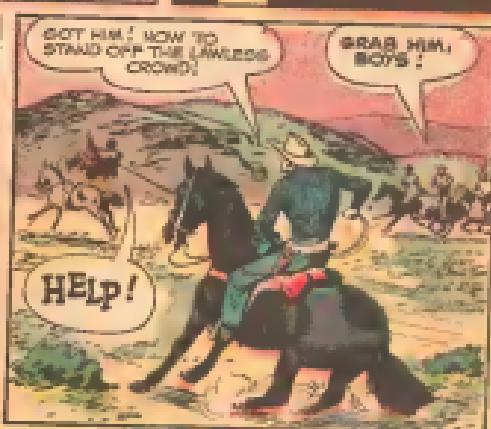
WHAT'S THE MATTER? ARE YOU A GLITTER? I'LL STAKE ALL MY WINNINGS AGAINST THOSE NOTES YOU HOLD ON ATHERS' RANCH. ONE HAND--WINNER TAKES ALL!

GOSH, THE STRANGER, SHONE HAS PLENTY OF NERVE!

ER, ALL RIGHT; IT'S MY DEAL!



RODNEY LANE WESTERN



ROOKE LANE WESTERN



ROOKE LANE

COMIX CARDS
appear every
month in

Roodee

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Made of STEEL to Build like REAL

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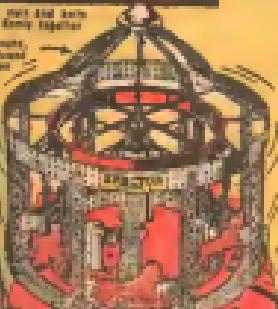
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strength! It pictures—
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cars, ships, planes,
airplanes, tanks, and
industrial parts. And it
uses 120 different parts

"Tool" diagram of
the Steel Erector
shows how the
parts fit together
and how they
are used to build
such models as
the bridge and the
towers and the
cars and the
ships and the
airplanes and the
tanks and the
industrial parts.

"Tool" diagram of
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such models as
the bridge and the
towers and the
cars and the
ships and the
airplanes and the
tanks and the
industrial parts.



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